
Title: Deposition of Dharzhal

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T'Ar

Regarding: Poisoning of
Papua's Water Source

I freely, under no
compulsion, do confess to
the following:

1. I did, willfully, pour a
poisonous substance into
the fountainhead of the
Gentle River, which is the
main water supply of the
people of Papua.

2. I did so without
personal malice or intent
to cause harm to anyone
in Papua.

3. I did so due to death
threats made against me
and my family by Lord
Thrax and his associates,
the present governing
body of Papua.

4. I did not poison the
food given to the
Empress Rryn Anyai.
Explanation of the
Admissions:

It is needful that I
present information about
the relationship between
me and Lord Thrax and
the religion we once
shared. That relationship,
and the nature of his
religion, brought about
this unhappy state of
affairs and the crimes I
committed.

I was once the High

Priest of the god of
Lord Thrax, Oggaroth.
When I left the service
of that god, Lord Thrax
assumed the mantle of
the priesthood. Oggaroth
is a god of destruction
and strife who
commissioned Thrax to
take revenge upon me.
One of the ways that is
done is to sacrifice the
victim to Oggaroth in a
ritual called the
Banishment.

In it, the shade, or
spirit, of the victim is
sent into the part of
the netherworld where
Oggaroth resides. It is
tormented by him there,
forever. I know this to
be true. I have witnessed
it.

Lord Thrax threatened me
and my consort with this
fate if we did not do his
bidding. He first asked
me to produce a type of
toxin that could not be
cured by normal means.
After many months of
very hard labors, I
produced it. I also
created the only antidote
for it, though I gave him
only partial information on
how to apply it. Thrax
took these items and
sent me away.

Before I left, however, I
did poison him with it
hoping to make him
suffer as he had made
me suffer. Unfortunately
he was completely cured
without using the
antidote, though I do not
know how exactly. (I did
not, as he later claimed,
poison Duke Kotare). He
found me again and made
a deal with me: I must
create a stronger, more
concentrated, toxin and
pour a small amount of

it into the fountainhead
of the Gentle River far
to the south of Papua. I
privately scoffed at the
idea, convinced that by
the time it would arrive
at the mouth of the
river, where the people
get their water, it would
be so diluted it would
have little or no effect
upon them.

What I did not reckon on
was that my act was
purely symbolic: Lord
Thrax had found another
person or persons to add
the toxin closer to the
mouth of the river. One
of them, named Eric,
confessed to the crime
and was later tried and
hanged, but he implicated
me as an accomplice
before his death. I had
thus unwittingly fallen
into the clever trap
Thrax created, becoming a
handy scapegoat should he
ever need another. This
he did when the Empress
was poisoned and when I
confessed to my part in
these crimes.